

rall. *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

ask'd for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
 doc - tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
 en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
 3. The mil - ler smiled and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread" quoth he; "I love my wife, I
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For -
 light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With
 love my friend, I love my chil-dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I
 thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one, no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
 voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be-side the riv - er Dee?"
 thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 mill my king-dom's feel! Such men as thou are Eng-land's boast, O mil-ler of the Dee!"